

MINERVA's Check to the Author, 45

Attempting to write an

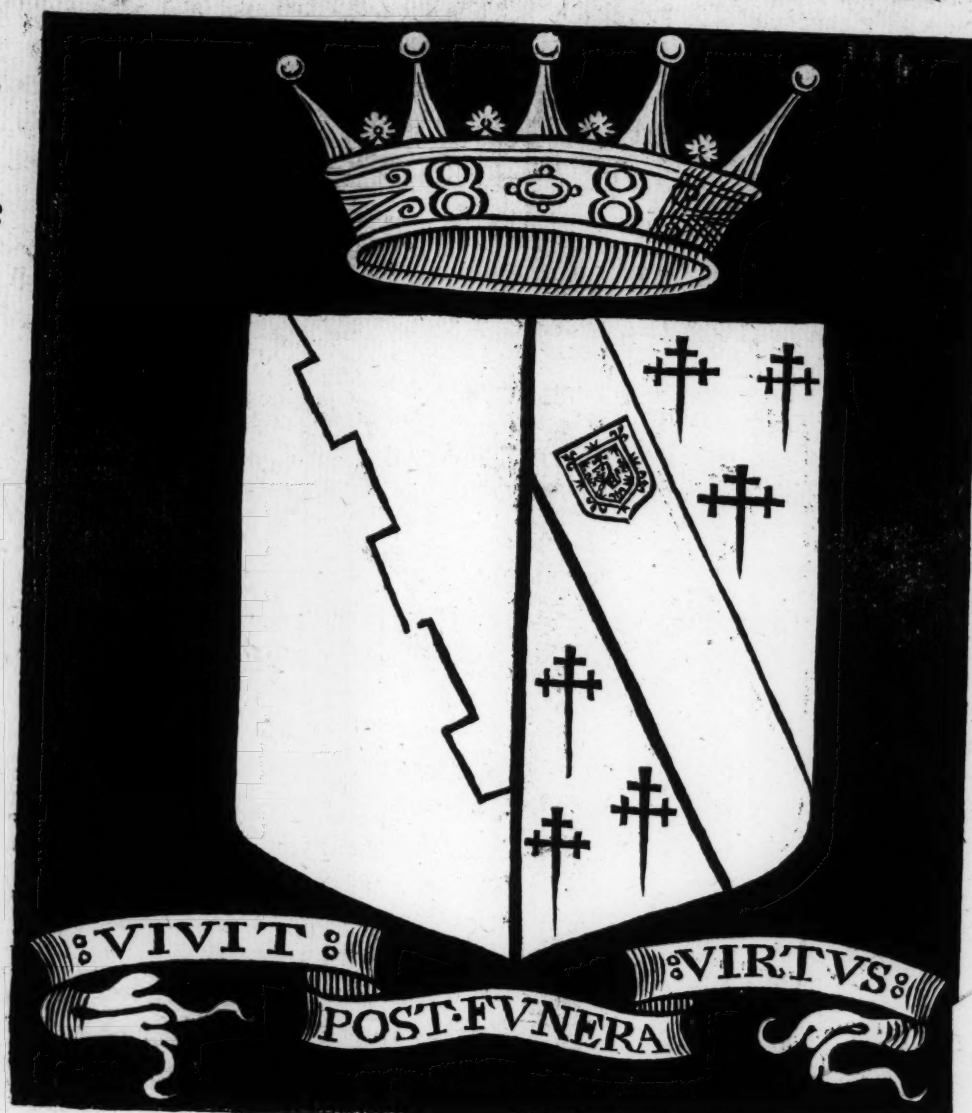
Upon the Right Honourable

ROGER First

Who departed this Life at

in the County of *CORK*

16 Octobris



ELEGY

and much to be Lamented

Earl of **ORRERY**,

CASTLE-MARTER

in *IRELAND*,

Anno 79.

That News hath Wings, we ev'ry day do find,
And Ill doth ever leave the best behind:
Admire not then the death of *ORRERY*,

Both far and near the World to terrifie.
At *Cork*, at *Dublin*, *London*, and at *Paris*
Too soon 't arrives, and *ROME*, but there ne'er tarries,
Till at both *Indies*, or where e'er more far is.
'Mongst the Worlds Treasures, it there declare,
Than any theirs, a Pearl more rich, more rare
We have lost; thus ranging all the World about,
Finds many zealous mournful Poets out:
But still I thought the Muses triple Trine,
And Learned Crew concern'd, must have design
Some Eagles Quill should make the worthy Pen,
To write their Dictates on the best of Men;
But chanc'd to view a mournful Elegy
Upon his Death, enough to stupifie
The Reader, whilst the Poet did invite
Each Poetaster on him Distichs t' write.
This Author took I for good warrant to it,
To be as bold as any Errant Poet:
But quick as Thought *Minerva* said in haste,
Hold, hold, poor man! don't Time and Paper waste;
He was my Foster Child, 'twas my good hap
The Babe to dandle first upon my Lap,
Who kindly took my Breasts, and throve so well,
That in the Liberal Arts he did excell.
Thy grov'ling Fancy, and too low pitch'd Eye,
Cannot reach up unto the Poets Skie:
Be not like those that to shoot up are bold,
At what their dazled sense cannot behold:
Thine hand to th' Stars thou may'st extend as well,
As *ORRERY*'s due praise conceive, or tell:
His Noble Birth, Life, Death, is a fit Story,
Reserv'd to Crown some Poet Laureat's Glory:
His Dust is Sacred, therefore do not dare
The Muses Darling, and the Graces Dear,
With thy rude Rhimes, devoid of Time and Measure,
Once to prophane, (a Sacred Poet's Treasure.)
I blest'd him young thus 'bove thy reach, and stature,
Besides what *Mars* bestow'd on's Noble Nature.
Thou fain would'st tell how th' Graces still invite him
Their Guest, when *Mars* doth cease t'excite him
Brighter in Arms, than's Arts ere-while to shine,
In God's and's King's cause still defending thine.

His care to breed brave Horses thou would'st write,
In Peace for Pleasure, and in War for fight:
While thousands yet alive would with thee say,
His Prowess (under God) obtain'd that Day.
But what is this to all that he hath done,
To th' Towns and Castles he by force hath won?
Thou'dst find an endless Task on't, to declare
His Peaceful Virtues, or's exploits in War.
In general terms I know thou'dst praise thus far,
Prudent in Counsel, prosperous in War:
But home to speak his praise, and to descend
Unto particulars, there were no end.
Singly admire his prudence in the thing,
So well contriv'd that did restore the King,
Whose constant Loyalty since th' Restoration
'S a worthy pattern to th' unstable Nation.
Thou kenst not of the Knots, or the Meanders
Of State-Intrigues, display'd 'mongst bold Commanders;
Then lay thy Pen by, don't i'th' least Eclipse
A General's Glory by thy Pen, or Lips.
Let *England*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, mourning say,
For threescore years and more enjoy'd have they,
In *ORRERY* an *Atlas*, lost this day.
His death's a loss unparallel'd, the King
A grave wise Counsellor, and most loving
Subject hath lost, the Church a Gracious Son,
The Realm a Peer, yea, and a Peerless one;
The Court a Pillar, th' Army a Commander
Of high Conduct, as was great *Alexander*;
The Countreys loss as great yea greater rather,
In *ORRERY* is lost a most dear Father.
Th' hast company enough, who, than to mourn,
Can't other glory add unto his Urn.
I tell thee still thou need'st not, can'st not write
Great *ORRERY*'s due praise, who Shines too bright
His Sacred Poems now but in the Press,
Will speak his noble praise in fairer dress:
His Wit and Worth were 'bove thy Ken or Story,
Who therefore's wrapt into immortal Glory.
But 'cause thou had'st a mind to do thy best,
Thou, with his Coat of Arms, a Mourner rest.
Thou art forewarn'd (he said.) Now farewell Friend.
So ere I had begun, I made an *END*.

T. B.